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Eighth Edition, Enlarged.

Hans Breitmann's
Party.

With other Ballads.

By CHARLES G. LELAND.



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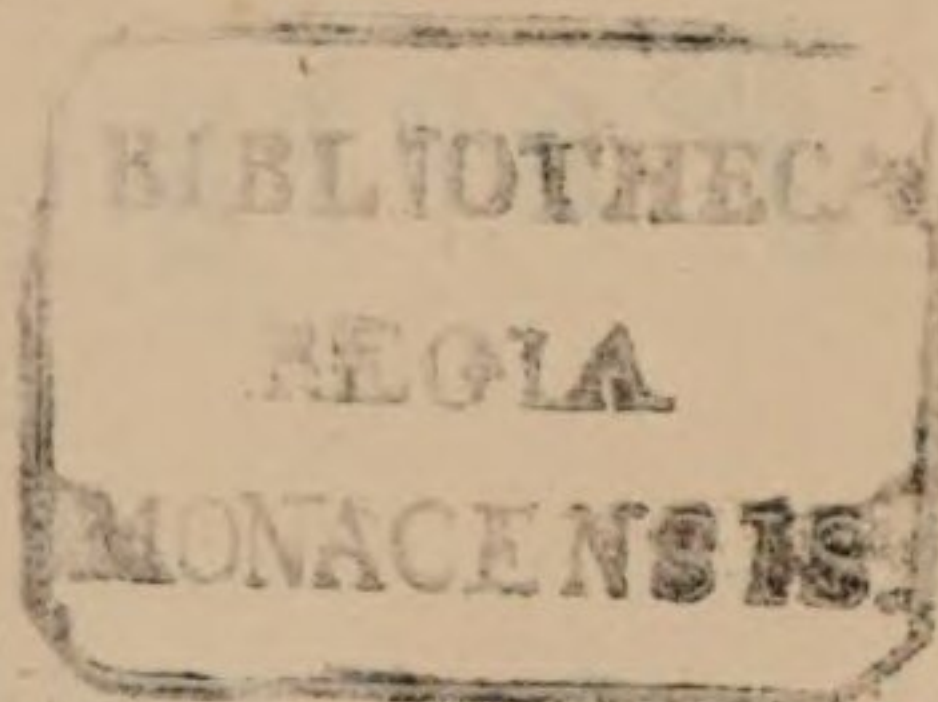
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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.)

Dem Herrn

Carl Benson,

(CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED,)

Achtungsvoll gewidmet

dem

Verfasser.

Ad Musam.

“ Est mihi schoena etenim et praestanti corpore liebsta ;
Haec sola est mea Musa meoque regierit in Herzo.
Huic me ergebo ipsum meaque illi abstatto geluebda,
Huic ehrensaulas aufrichto opfroque Geschenka,
Hic etiam absingo liedros et carmina scribo.”

Rapsodia Andra, Leipzig, 17th century.

ADVERTISEMENT.



HEREBY beg to state that Messrs TRÜBNER & Co. of London are the sole authorised publishers in England of my Ballads. Their Editions contain additional verses and alterations made by me to nearly all of the several poems, and which at this time have not appeared in any American or other editions.

(Signed) CHARLES G. LELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, 2dth April 1869.

PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

“ANS BREITMANN gife a barty”—
the first of the few American poems
here submitted to the English public
—appeared originally during the last civil war, in
one of the Pennsylvania newspapers, and soon
became widely known, from New York all along
the overland route down to San Francisco. Few
American poems, indeed, have been held in better
or more constant remembrance than the ballad of
“Hans Breitmann’s Barty;” for the words just
quoted have actually passed into a proverbial ex-
pression. The other ballads of the present collec-
tion, likewise first published in several newspapers
have only recently been collected by their author,

the gifted and well-known translator of Heine's "Book of Songs," who earned for them the golden opinions of some of the most eminent writers, such as Holmes, Lowell, Whipple, Bristed, &c. They are much of the same character as "Hans Breitmann's Barty"—most of them celebrating the martial career of "Hans Breitmann," whose prototype was a German of the name of Jost, serving during the war in the 15th Pennsylvanian cavalry, and who—we have it on good authority—was a man of desperate courage whenever a cent could be made, and one who *never* fought unless something *could* be made. The "*rebs*" "gobbled" him one day ; but he re-appeared in three weeks overloaded with money and valuables. In fact, "Hans Breitmann as a Bummer," is true in every detail, *without exaggeration*. One of the American critics remarks :—"Throughout all the ballads it is the

same figure presented—an honest 'Deutscher,' drunk with the New World as with new wine, and rioting in the expression of purely Deutsch nature and half-Deutsch ideas through a strange speech."

The poems are written in the droll broken English (not to be confounded with the Pennsylvanian German) spoken by millions of—mostly uneducated—Germans in America, immigrants to a great extent from southern Germany. Their English has not yet become a distinct dialect; and it would even be difficult to fix at present the varieties in which it occurs. One of its prominent peculiarities, however, is easily perceived: it consists in the constant confounding of the soft and hard consonants; and the reader must well bear it in mind when translating the language that meets his eye into one to become intelligible to his ear. Thus to the German of our poet, kiss becomes giss; company

—gompany; care—gare; count—gount; corner—
 gorner; till—dill; terrible—derrible; time—dime;
 mountain—moundain; thing—ding; through—
 droo; the—de; themselves—demselves; other—
 oder; party—barty; place—blace; pig—big; priest—
 breest; piano—biano; plaster—blaster; fine—vine;
 fighting—vighting; fellow—veller; or, *vice versâ*,
 he sounds got—cot; green—creen; great—crate;
 gold dollars—cold dollars; dam—tam; dreadful—
 treadful; drunk—troonk; brown—prown; blood—
 plood; bridge—pridge; barrel—parrel; boot—poot;
 begging—peggin'; blackguard—plackguart; rebel—
 repel; never—nefer; river—rifer; very—fery; give
 —gife; victory—fictory; evening—efening; revive
 —refife; jump—shoomp; join—choin; joy—choy;
 just—shoost; joke—choke; jingling—shingling,
 &c.; or, through a kindred change, both—bofe;
 youth—youf; but mouth—mout'; earth—eart'

south—sout' ; waiting—vaiten' ; was—vas ; widow—vidder ; woman—voman ; work—vork ; one—von ; we—ve, &c. And hence, by way of a compound mixture, we get from him drafel for travel, derriple for terrible, a daple-leck for a table-leg, bepples for pebbles, tisasder for disaster, schimnastig dricks for gymnastic tricks, let-bencil for lead-pencil, &c. The peculiarity of Germans pronouncing in their mother tongue *s* like *sh* when it is followed by *t* or *p*, and of Germans of southern Germany often also final *s* like *sh*, naturally produced in their American jargon such results as shplit, shtop, shtraight, shtar, shtupendous, shpree, shpirit, &c.; ish (is), ash (as), &c.; and, by analogy, led to shveet (sweet), schwig (swig), &c. We need not notice, however, more than these freaks of the German-American-English of the present poems, as little as we need advert to simple vulgarisms

also met with in England, such as the omission of the final *g* in words terminating in *ing* (blayin'—playing; shpinnen'—spinning; ridin', sailin', roon-in', &c.) In assuming, as we must, that the reader of this little volume is well acquainted both with English and German, we should encroach on the pleasure he will derive from it were we to inflict on him the remarks of a pedantic guide. But, though abstaining from them, we cannot forbear expressing our belief that, in endeavouring to give us a true picture of the corruptions to which English becomes subject in the mouths of German immigrants, the author of these poems has a claim not only to the thanks of those who will derive amusement from their humorous contents, but also of those who may wish to study the vicissitudes which the English language undergoes amongst the mixed population of America.

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HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

ANS BREITMANN gife a barty ;
Dey had biano-blavin',

I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,

Her name vas Madilda Yane.

She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,

Her eyes vas himmel-plue,

Und vhen dey looket indo mine,

Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,

I vent dere you 'll pe pound ;

I valtzet mit Matilda Yane,

Und vent shpinnen' round und round.

De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
 She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
 Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
 She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 I dells you it cost him dear ;
 Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
 Of foost-rate lager beer.
 Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
 De Deutschers gifes a cheer ;
 I dinks dat so vine a barty
 Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
 Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
 Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
 Did make demselves to house ;

Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
 De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
 Und vash der Abendessen down
 Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
 Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
 I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;
 Und den I gissed Madilda Yane
 Und she shlog me on de kop,
 Und de gompany vighted mit daple-lecks
 Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
 Where ish dat barty now ?
 Where ish de lofely golden cloud
 Dat float on de moundain's prow ?

Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—

De shtar of de shpirit's light ?

All gonied afay mit de lager beer—

Afay in de ewigkeit !

BREITMANN IN BATTLE.

“TUNC TAPFRE AUSFUHRERE STREITUM ET RITTRIS
DIGNUM POTUERE ERJAGERE LOBUM.”

DER FADER UND DER SON.

“ DINKS I'll go a vightin'”—outshpoke der
Breitemann,

“It's eighdeen hoonderd fordy eight since
I kits swordt in hand ;

Dese fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin' I haf
been,

Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for
sailin' in.”

“If you go land out-ridin’,” said Caspar Pickle-
tongue,

“Foost ding you knows you cooms across some
repels prave and young,

Away down Sout’ in Tixey, dey ’ll split you like a
clam”—

“For dat,” spoke out der Breitmann, “I doos not
gare one tam !

“Who der Teufel pe’s de repels, und vhere dey
kits deir sass,

If dey make a run on Breitmann he’ll soon let
out de gas ;

I’ll shplit dem like kartoffels : I’ll shlog em on de
kop ;

I’ll set de plackguarts roonin’ so dey don’t know
vhere to shtop.”

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlae-
ger py his side :

“Forvarts, my pully landsmen ! it’s dime to run
and ride ;

Vill riden, vill vigheten — der Copitain I’ll
pe,

It’s sporn und horn und saddle now—all in de
Cavallrie !”

Und ash dey rode droo Vinchesder, so herrlich to
pe seen,

Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a riden’ on de
creen ;

Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—an colonel in gom-
mand :

Says he, “Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein
Faderland ?

“ You ’re dressed oop like a shentleman mit your
 plackguart Yankee crew,
 You mudsills and meganics ! Der Teufel put you
 droo !

Old Yank you ought to shtay at home und dake
 your liddle horn,
 Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse ”—der Breit-
 mann laugh mit shkorn.

“ Und should I trink mein lager beer und roost
 mine self to home ?
 I ’fe got too many dings like you to mash beneat’
 my thoom :
 In many a fray und fierce foray dis Dootchman
 will be feared
 Pefore he stops dis vightin’ trade—’twas dere he
 grayed his peard.”

“ I pools dat peard out by de roots—I gifes him
such a dwist

Dill all de plood roons out, you tamned old Apoli-
tionist !

Your creenpacks mit your swordt und vatch right
ofer you moost shell,

Und den you goes to Libby straight—und after
dat to h-ll ! ”

“ Mein creenpacks and mein schlaeger, I kits ’em
in New York,

To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not
de talk ; ”

De heroes shtopped deir sassin’ here und grossed
deir sabres dwice,

Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos von
pig ding on ice.

Der younger fetch de older such a gottallmachty
shmack

Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go
shplit and crack ;

Der repel shoomps dwelfe paces back, und so he
safe his life :

Der Breitmann says : “ I guess dem shoomps you
learns dem of your vife.”

“ If I should learn of voman's I dinks it vere a
shame,

Bei Gott I am a shentleman, aristograt, and
game.

My fader vos anoder—I lose him fery young—

Der Teufel take your soul ! Coom on ! I'll split
your vaggin' tongue ! ”

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried—dat oldt
gray-pearded man—

For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat
sword he ran.

All roundt der shlim yoong repel's vaist his arms
oldt Breitmann pound,

Und shlinged him down oopon his pack and laidt
him on der ground.

“Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep white
—if he can,

Say vot you dinks of vightin' now mit dis old shen-
tleman?

Your dime is oop ; you got to die, und I your
breest vill pe ;

Peliev'st dou in Morál Ideas? If so, I lets you
free.”

“ I don’t know nix apout ideas—no more dan ’pout
 Saint Paul,
 Since I ’fe peen down in Tixey I kits no books at
 all;
 I ’m greener ash de clofer-grass ; I ’m shtupid as a
 shpoon ;
 I ’m ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de
 Tribune.

“ Mein fader’s name vas Breitmann, I heard mein
 mutter say,
 She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned
 afay ;
 Dey say he leaf some broperty—berhaps ’tvas all
 a sell—
 If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty
 vell.”

“ Und vas dy fader Breitmann ? *Bist du* his kit und
kin ?

Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber
Vater bin ? ”

Der Breitmann pooled his hand-shoe off und
shooked him py de hand ;

“ Ve ’ll hafe some trinks on strengt’ of dis—or else
may I pe tam’d ! ”

“ Oh ! fader, how I shlog your kop,” der younger
Breitmann said ;

“ I ’d den dimes sooner had it coom right down on
mine own headt ! ”

“ Oh, never mind—dat soon dry oop—I shticks
him mit a blaster ;

If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse
tisasder.”

Dis fight did last all afternoon—*wohl* to de fesper
tide,

Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, der Breitmann
he did ride.

Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom
of fictory!

Who 's dat a ridin' py his side? "Dis here 's mein
son," says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop!—how lordly
he kit down!

How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de beer
so prawn!

But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig
him all at one.

"Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings—I *know* dou
art mein son!"

Der one has got a fader ; de oder found a child.
Bofe ride oopon one war-path now in pattle fierce
und vild.

It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so
succeed—

Und damit hat sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREIT-
MANN 'S LIED.

BREITMANN IN MARYLAND.



ER BREITMANN mit his gompany,
Rode out in Marylandt.

“Dere’s nix to trink in dis countrie :

Mine droat’s as dry as sand.

It’s light canteen und haversack,

It’s hoonger mixed mit doorst ;

Und if ve had some lager beer

I’d trink oontil I boorst.

Gling, glang, gloria !

Ve’d trink oontil ve boorst.

“Herr Leut’nant, take a dozen men,

Und ride dis land around !

Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'

Dill somedings goot is found.

Gotts-donder ! men, go ploonder !

Ve hafn't trinked a bit

Dis fourdeen hours ! If I had beer

I 'd sauf oontil I shplit !

Gling, glang, gloria !

Ve 'd sauf oontil ve shplit !

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs

Coom rattlin' droo de camp ;

" Rouse dere !—coom rouse der house dere !

Herr Copitain—ve moest tromp !

De scouds have found a repel town,

Mit repel davern near,

A repel keller in de cround,

Mit repel lager beer ! !

Gling, glang, gloria !
 All fool of lager beer ! ”

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth !

How Breitmann broked de bush !

“ O let me see dat lager beer !

O let me at him rush !

Und is mein sabre sharp und true,

Und is mein var-horse goot ?

To get one quart of lager beer

I 'd shpill a sea of plood.

Gling, glang gloria !

I 'd shpill a sea of plood.

“ Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,

One hoonderd strong are ve ;

Who gares a tam for all de odds

Vhen men so dirsty pe.”

And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,
 Like donder-polts dey fly,
 Rush fort as der vild yæger cooms
 Mit blitzen droo de shky.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left
 De moundains, drees, und hedge ;
 How left und rite de yæger corps
 Vent donderin' droo de pridge.
 Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream
 Where not some pridges pe :
 All dripplin' in de moondlight peam
 Stracks vent de cavallrie.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,

Oonheedin' vet or try ;

Und horse und rider shnort and blowed,

Und shparklin' bepples fly.

Ropp ! Ropp ! I shmell de parley-prew !

Dere's somedings goot ish near.

Ropp ! Ropp !—I scent de kneiperei ;

Ve've got to lager beer !

Gling, glang, gloria !

Ve've got to lager beer !

Hei ! how de carpine pullets klined

Oopon de helmets hart !

Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre ringed ;

Du alter Knasterbart !

De contrapands dey sing for choy

To see de rebs go down,

Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry :

Hoorah !—ve 've dook de down.

Gling, glang, gloria !

Victoria, victoria !

De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,

And vild husaren shout

De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,

Und rolled de lager out ;

And in the coorlin' powder shmoke,

While shtill de pullets sung,

Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,

A knockin' out de boong.

Gling, glang, gloria !

Victoria ! Encoria !

De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts ! vot a shpree der Breitmann had

While yet his hand was red,

A trinkin' lager from his poots
Among de repel tead.
'Tvas dus dey vent at mitternight
Along der moundain side ;
'Tvas dus dey help make history !
Dis vas der Breitmann's ride.
Gling, glang, gloria ;
Victoria ! Victoria !
Cer'visia, encoria ?
De treadful mitnight ride
Of Breitmann's vild Freischarlinger,
All famous, broad, und vide.

BREITMANN AS A BUMMER.



ER SHENERAL SHERMAN holts oop
on his coorse,

He shtops at de gross-road und reins in
his horse.

“ Dere’s a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,
Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall preak ! ”
Vhen shoost ash dis vord from his lips had_gone
bast,

There coomed a young orterly gallopin’ fast,
Who gry mit amazement : “ Here Shen’ral ! Goot
Lord !

Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin’ der ford ! ”

Der Shen'ral he ootered no hymn und no psalm,

But opened his lips und he priefly say "D——n!

Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer;

To get it dose shaps vould set hell in a shiver;

But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid:

Ho Sickles! move promp'ly, send down a
prigade!

Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit his
sword

If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford."

Dey spooored on, dey hoory'd on, gallopin' shtraight,

But for Breitmann help coomed shoost a liddle
too late,

For as de Lauwiné goes smash mit her pound,

So on to de Bummers de repels coom down:

Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,

Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad;

Und Sepperl—Tyroler—shpoke nefer a vord,
 But shoost “ *Mutter Gottes!* ” und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,
 Einer aus Bœblingen—he too vash dere—
 Karli of Karlisruh 's shot near de fence,
 (His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens,)
 Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought,
 Yet der Breitmann—der capt'n—der hero vash
 caught;

Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,
 For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,
 Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits;
 But von gray-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und
 bet

Dat Breitmann wouldt pe a pad egg for dem, yet.

“ He has more on his pipe as dem vellers allows
 He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht aus*,
 Dey 'll find dat dey took in der Teufel to board,
 De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford.”

In de Bowery each beer-haus mit crape vas oop-
 done,

When dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas
 gone ;

Und de Dootch all cot troonk, oopon lager und
 wein,

At the great Trauer-fest of de Turner Verein.

Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoplesh did dink
 Dat Sherman's great Sharman cood nefer more
 trink.

Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin' und vailen' vas
 hoor'd,

Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

SECOND PART.



N dulce jubilo now ve all sings,

A-vaifin' de panners like efery dings.

De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler
und salt,

Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt ;
Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,
Lustig und heiter he looks droo de drees,
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,
For Sherman, at last, has marched down to the
sea !

Dere 's a gry from de guart—dere 's a clotter und
dramp,

When dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp,

Who report on de ford. Dere ish droples and
awe

In de face of de youf' apout somedings he
saw ;

Und he shpeak me in Fræentsch, like he always do :

“ Look ! [his spook !

Sagre pleu ! fentre Tieu !—dere ish Breitmann—

He ish goming dis vay ! *Nom de garce !* can it pe

Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to de
sea ! ”

Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve trembles mit
tread,

For risin' all swart on de efenin' red

Vas Johannes—der Breitman—der war es, bei
Gott !

Coom ridin' to oos-ward, right shtraight to de
shpot !

All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin'
 hearts,

For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de
 Hartz ;

Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say "Ave Morie !
 Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und py sea !"

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
 Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin'
 his clothes,

For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest
 In a vlamin' new coat und magnificent vest.

Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,
 Und a cold mounded swordt like a Kaiser he
 bore,

Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—
 Moost hafe proken some pans on his vay to de
 sea.

“ Id is he ! ” “ *Und er lebt noch !* ” he lifes, ve all say
 Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann !—Hans Breit-
 mann ! *Herr Je !* ”

Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve
 find

Dat vherefer he 'd peen, he 'd left noding pehind.
 In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
 Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack
 jammed,

In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons
 Mit dwo doozen votches und four dozen shpoons,
 Und dwo silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,
 Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,
 Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice.

Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle wie ein*,
 Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.

Den t'vas "here's to you, Breitmann ! Alt Schwed'

—*bist zurück ?*

Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights
veek ?"

Und ve holds von shtupendous and derriple shpree
For choy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

But in fain tid we ashk where der Breitmann hat
peen,

Vot he tid ; vot he pass droo—or vot he might
seen ?

Where he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem
woons,

Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-pods
und shpoons ?

For to all of dem queeries he only reblies,

"If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no
lies !"

So 'twas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry moost pe
 Where he kits all dat ploonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies
 How Sherman's grand armee hafe raise deir
 soopies :

For ve readt *in brindt* dat der Sheneral Grant
 Say de bummers hafe only shoost take vat dey
 vant.

But 'tis vhispered dat while a refolfer'll go round
 Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found ;
 Or shtarvin' ash brisner—by doonder !—not he,
 While der Teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

BREITMANN IN KANSAS.



ONCE oopon a dimes, goot vwhile afder der
var vas ofer, der Herr Breitmann vent oud
Vest, drafellin' apout like efery dings—
“*circuivit terram et perambulavit eam*,” ash der
Teufel said ven dey ask him: “How vash you
and how you has peen?”

Von efenings he vas drafel mit some ladies und
shendlemans, und he shtaid *incognitus*. Und dey
singed songs, dill py und py one of de ladies say:
“Ish any podies here ash know de crate pallad of
Hans Breitmann's Barty?” Den Hans say: “*Ecce
Gallus !* I am dat rooster !” Den der Hans dook
a trink und a let-bencil und a biece of baper, and
goes indo himself a little dimes and den coomes
out again mit dis boem :

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;

He drafel fast und far.

He rided shoost drei dousand miles

All in von rail-roat car.

He knowed foost rate how far he goed—

He gounted all de vile,

Dere vash shoost one bottle of champagne,

Dat bopped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;

I dell you vot, my poy,

You bet dey hat a pully dimes

In crossin' Illinoy.

Dey speaked deir speaks to all de folk

A shtandin' in de car ;

Den ask dem in to dake a trink,

Und corned em *ganz und gar*.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;

By shings ! dey did it prown.

When he got into Leafenvort,

He found himself in town.

Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,

More goot as man could dink ;

Mit efery dings on eart' to eat,

Und dwice as mooch to trink.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;

He vent it on de loud.

At Ellsvort, in de prairie land,

He foundt a pully crowd.

He looked for bleedin' Kansas,

But dat 's "blayed out," dey say ;

De vhiskey keg 's de only dings

Dat 's bleedin' dere to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
 To see vot he could hear.
 He foundt soom Deutschers dat exisdt
 Py makin' lager beer.
 Says he : “ *Wie gehts du Alt Gesell ?* ”
 But nodings could be heard ;
 Dey 'd growed so fat in Kansas
 Dat dey couldn't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 Py shings ! I dell you vot,
 Von day he met a crisly bear
 Dat rooshed him down, *bei Gott !*
 Boot der Breitmann took und bind der bear
 Und bleased him fery much—
 For efery vordt der crisly growled
 Vas goot Bavarian Dutch !

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas !

By donder dat is so !

He ridet oout upon de blains

To shase de boofalo.

He fired his rifle at the bools,

Und gallop droo de shmoke,

Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if

Der teufel vas a choke !

It's hey de trail to Santa Fe ;

It's ho ! agross de plain ;

It's lope along de Denver road,

Until ve toorn again.

Und de railroad drafel after us

Apout as quick as ve ;

Dis Kansas ish de fastest land

Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;

He have a pully dime ;

But 'twas in old Missouri

Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.

Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,

Und all der nobs around ;

Dey shpreed him und dey tea'd him

Dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;

Droo all dis earthly land,

A vorkin' out life's mission here

Soobyectifly und grand.

Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,

Some vorks philosophie ;

Der Breitmann solfe de infinide

Ash von eternal shpree !

DIE SCHÆNE WITTWE.

(DE POOTY VIDDER.)

I. VOT DE YANKEE CHAP SUNG.



AT pooty liddle vidder

Vot ve dosh'nt vish to name,

Ish still leben on dat liddle shtreet,

A-doin' shoost de same.

De glerks aroundt de gorners

Somedimes goes round to zee

How die tarlin' liddle vitchy ees,

Und ask 'er how she pe.

Dey lofes her ver' goot liquoer,

Dey lofes her liddle shtore ;

“Dey lofes her little paby,
But dey lofes die vidder more.
To dalk mit dat shveet vidder,
Ven she hands das lager round,
Vill make der shap dat does id
Pe happy, ve'll be pound.
Dat ish if we can vell pelieve
De glerks vat drinks das beer,
Who goes in dere for noding elshe,
Put simply for to zee her.”

II. HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT.

 H yes I know die wittwe,
Mit eyes so prite und proun !
She 's de allerschoenste wittwe

Vot live in dis here down.

In her plack silk gown—mine grashious !—

All puttoned to de neck—

Und a pooty liddle collar,

Mitout a shpot or shpeck.

Ho ! clear de drack you oder *fraus*—

You cant pegin to shine

Vhen de lofely vidder cooms along—

Dis vidder ash ish mine !

Ho ! clear de drack you Yankee chaps,

You Englishers und sooch.

You cant pegin to coot me out,
 Mitout you dalks in Dootch.
 Ich hab die schoene wittwe
 Schon lange nit gesehn,
 Ich sah sie gestern Abend
 Wohl bei dem Counter stehn.
 Die Wangen rein wie Milch and Blut,
 Die Augen hell und klar.
 Ich hab sie sechsmal auch geküsst—
 Potztausend ! das ist wahr.*

* I had not seen for many days
 The handsome widow's face;
 I saw her last night standing
 By her counter, full of grace.
 With cheeks as pure as milk and blood,
 With eyes so bright and blue,
 I kissèd her full well six times,
 Indeed, and that is true.

BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.



HANS BREITMANN choined de Turners

Novemper in de fall,

Und dey gifed a boostin' bender

All in de Turner Hall.

Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein

Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,

Und dey blowed on de drooms und stroomed on
de fifes

Till dey couldn't refise no more.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners,

Dey all set oop some shouts,

Dey took'd him into deir Turner Hall,

Und poots him on a course of shprouts,

Dey poots him on de barell-hell pars
 Und shtands him oop on his head,
 Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hose
 In his mout' dill he 's 'pout half tead !

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners ;
 Dey make shimnastig dricks ;
 He stoot on de middle of de floor,
 Und put oop a fify-six.
 Und den he drows it to de roof,
 Und schwig off a treadful trink :
 De veight coom toomple pack on his headt,
 Und py shinks ! he didn't vink !

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners :—
 Mein Gott ! how dey dranked und shwore ;
 Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
 Und Bavarians by de score.

Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,

Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,

Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,

Und *he* vas a *Holstein* Dane.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners,

Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom ;

Vhen he open de box it schmell so loudt

It knock de musik doomb.

Vhen de Deutschers kit de flavour,

It coorl de haar on deir head ;

Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere ;

Und, py tam ! it kilt dem dead !

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners ;

De ladies coomed in to see ;

Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,

All in der gal-lerie.

Dey ashk: "Where ish der Breitmann?"

And dey dremple mit awe and fear

Vhen dey see him schwingen' py de toes,

A trinken' lager beer.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners:—

I dells you vot py tam!

Dey sings de great Urbummellied:

De holy Sharman psalm.

Und vhen dey kits to de gorus

You ought to hear dem dramp!

It scared der Teufel down below

To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners:—

By Donner! it vas grand,

Vhen de whole of dem goes a valkin'

Und dancin' on deir hand,

Mit de veet all vavin' in de air,
 Gottstausend ! vot a dricks !
 Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down
 Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners,
 Dey lay dere in a heap,
 And slept dill de early sonnen shine
 Come in at de vindow creep ;
 And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,
 And dey go to kit deir feed :
 Here hat dis song an Ende—
 Das ist DES BREITMANNSLIED.

BALLAD.

BY HANS BREITMANN.



DER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer-maid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de creenwood,
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,

Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outspoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on :
" I tont dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselves alone.

" You 'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Where dere's heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

" Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin',
Und you catches dem efery one :"—
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on.

“Dere ish drunks all full mit money
 In ships dat vent down of old ;
 Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !
 To shimmerin' crowns of gold.

“Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches !
 Shoost see dese diamant rings !
 Coom down and fill your bockets,
 Und I 'll giss you like efery dings.

“Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?
 Coom down into der Rhine !
 Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
 Vonce filled mit gold-red wine !”

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpell pound ;
 She pooled his coat-tails down,
 She drawed him oonder der wasser,
 De maiden mit nodings on.

A BALLAD APOUT DE ROWDIES.



E moon shines ofer de cloudlens,
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,
Und I vent to Coney Island,
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.
Mine Schatz, Katrina Bauer,
I gife her mein heart und vordt ;
Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples
De Dampsschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,
 We looket at de town
 Mit sonn-light on de shdeebles,
 Und wetter fanes doornin' round.
 Ve sat on de deck in a gorner
 Und dropled nopody dere,
 Ven all aroundt oos de rowdies
 Peginned to plackguard und schvear.

A voman mit a papy
 Vas sittin' in de blace ;
 Von tocket a chew tobacco
 Und trowed it indo her vace.
 De voman got coonvulshons,
 De papy pegin to gry ;
 Und de rowdies shkreemed out a laffin,
 Und saidt dat de fun vas "high."

Pimepy ve become some hoonger

Katrina Bauer und I,

I openet de lit of mine pasket,

Und pringed out a cherry bie.

A cherry kooken mit pretzels,

“How goot!” Katrina said,

Vhen a rowdy snatched it from her,

Und preaked it ofer mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart,

I gifed him a biece my mind,

I vouldt saidt it pefore a tousand,

Mit der teufel himself pehind.

Den he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,

Und peats me plack and plue;

Und all de plackguards kick me,

Dill I vainted, und dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples

Don't know how de rowdies shtrike

Der poor hardtworkin' Sharman,

He knows it more ash he like.

If de Deutsche speakers und bapers

Are sometimes too hard on dis land,

Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven

Along by de rowdy's hand !

GLOSSARY.

The following short Glossary has been compiled especially with a view to assist the English reader, as without some help he might here and there be at a loss to get at the original form of the German and English corruptions with which these pages abound, or at the sense of the German jargon not found in our dictionaries. He will, in doubtful cases, also do well to consult the general remarks of the Preface.

- Alter Schwed'*, (old Swede)—A familiar phrase like old fellow.
Barell-hell pars—Parallel bars; a part of the gymnastic apparatus.
Be-mark, (Ger. *Bemerken*)—Observe.
Bender, (Amer.)—A spree; a frolic. To "go on a *bender*" = to go on a spree.
Bool—Bull.
Bowery—A street at New York, inhabited principally by Germans.
Brisner—Prisoner.
Bummer, (Amer.)—A fellow haunting low taverns; applied during the late civil war in the United States to hangers-on of the army. Probably a corruption of the German *bummler* (loafer).
Canyon, (Span. *Cañon*)—A narrow passage between high and precipitous banks, formed by mountains or tablelands, often with a river running beneath. These occur in the great Western prairies, in New Mexico, and California.
Clam—The popular name of bivalvular shell-fish.
Corned, (Amer.)—Made drunk.
Crate—Great.
Dampsschiff—Steamboat.
Doon—Tune.
Feldwebel, (Ger.)—A sergeant.
Fool—Full.
Greischarlinger, (Ger. *Freischaerler*)—A member of a Free Corps; especially applied to those who belonged to the Free Corps formed in Southern Germany during the revolution in 1848.
Gensy broost, (Ger. *Gänsebrust*)—Goose-breast.
Gesangverein, (Ger.)—Singing-society.
Gottallmachty, (Ger. *Gottallmächtig*)—God Almighty.
Gotts-doonder, (Ger. *Gott's Donner*)—God's thunder. See also *Gott's tausend*, a thundering sort of oath, but never preceded by lightning, for it is only used as a kind of expletive to express great surprise, or to give great emphasis to words which, without it, would seem to be capable of none.
Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth, (Ger.)—Another variety of big swearing.
Gottstausend, (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Gott's tausend Donnerwetter* (God's thousand thunders), and therefore the comparative of *Gott's doonder*; with most of those who use it a meaningless phrase.
Hand-skoe, (Ger. *Handschuh*)—Glove.
Herr Je (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Herr Jesus* (O Lord!); generally only used by those who are fond of meaningless exclamations.
Knasterbart, (Ger.)—Literally, tobacco-beard; perhaps denoting a good old fellow, fond of his pipe.
Kneiperei, (Ger.)—Revel.
Kooken—Cake.
Kop, (Ger. *Kopf*)—Head.

Lager, Lagerbeer, (Ger. *Lagerbier*, i.e., *Stockbeer*)—Sometimes in these poems abbreviated into *Lager*. A kind of small beer introduced into the American cities by the Germans, and now much in vogue among all classes.

Libby—The notorious Confederate prison at Richmond, Va.

Loosty, (Ger. *Lustig*)—Jolly, merry.

Mitout—Without.

Mud-sill—The longitudinal timber laid upon the ground to form the foundation for a railway. Hence figuratively applied by the labour-despising Southern gentry to the labouring classes as the substratum of society.

Nig.—Nigger.

Nix, (Ger. *Nichts*)—Nothing.

Oder—Other. See Preface.

Pimeby—By and by.

Pokal, (Poculum)—Goblet.

Pretzel, (Ger.)—A kind of fancy bread, twist or the like.

Pully, i.e., *Bully*—An Americanism, adjective. Fine, capital. A slang word, used in the same manner as the English use the word *crack*; as, "a *bully* horse," "a *bully* picture."

Reb.—An abbreviation of rebel.

Rouse, (Ger. *Heraus*)—Out; come out.

Sass, Sassy, Sassin'—Sauce, saucy, &c.

Schatz—Sweetheart.

Schläger, (Ger.)—A kind of sword or broadsword; a rapier used by students for duelling or fighting matches.

Schwig, Swig, verb.—To drink by large draughts.

Schwigs, Swig, n.—A large draught.

Sharman, Sherman—German.

Shings—Jingo; by jingo.

Shpicket—Spigot; a pin or peg to stop a small hole in a cask of liquor.

Skool—Skull.

Skyugle, (Amer.)—"Skyugle" is a word which had a short run during 1864. It meant many things, but chiefly to disappear or to make disappear. Thus, a deserter "skyugled," and sometimes he "skyugled" a coat or watch.

Souse und Brouse, (Ger. *Saus und Braus*)—Revelry and rioting.

Spook, (Ger. *Spuk*)—A ghost.

Thoom—Thumb.

Tixey—"I wish I was in Dixie." The origin of this song is rather curious. Although now thoroughly adopted as a Southern song, and "Dixie's Land" understood to mean the Southern States of America, it was, some 75 years ago, the estate of one Dixie, on Manhattan Island, who treated his slaves well; and it was their lament, on being deported south, that is now known as "I wish I was in Dixie."

To House (Ger. *zu Hause*)—At home.

Turner, (Ger.)—Gymnast.

Turner Verein, (Ger. *Turnverein*)—Gymnastic Society.

Urbummellied, (Ger. *vulg.*)—Arch-loafer's song.

Villiam—William Street at New York, inhabited by many Germans.

Von—One. See Preface.

Woon, (Ger. *Wunde*)—Wound.

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